

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
VOL. XXIV. }

DECEMBER, 1873.

{ NEW SERIES.
Vol. II. No. 12. }



CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

For The Dayspring.

MAGGIE AND SUSIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.



T was the morning before Christmas, and the sun stared into many sleepy eyes which chubby fists rubbed open as the owners turned lazily in the many

little cribs that stood in cosey corners of countless bedrooms; then it stared into the barns and hen-coops, into the kitchens and parlors, in an entirely different way from what it did other mornings.

Even the hens seemed to be astir earlier than usual, and for the life of them couldn't tell what had waked them; but little Miss Speckle-body marched up to her especial favorite, a pert little black-and-brown Bantam rooster, and said pertly, —

"I'd like to know what all this clatter means. I heard a great deal of screeching from that grown-hen roost this morning early; and, since then, I've hunted in vain for some of those young crowsers, that in my opinion promised to far excel that big ugly one with the stiff red comb who struts around here as if he owned the whole farm," and Miss Speckle arched her neck proudly, as she walked off thinking of the vicious peck one of his wives had given her a few days before.

Young Bantie, though very knowing, could give her no information, so proposed that they should ask old Brindle.

"Do I know? well I guess I've every reason to know what it means. One year ago to-day the sweetest little calf that ever graced a barn-yard was torn from me, and where did it go?" continued she tragically: "into that kitchen. And where did the crowsers go? into that kitchen; and all I

ever saw of them again, was a few scattered bones which that ugly dog hid just behind my yard. If I could but have got to them, I would have dug them up and scattered them, to pay him for making me run so fast when he drives me up. But you just hang round that door, and you'll see enough to satisfy you that the noise from that coop wasn't for nothing. You watch around closely to-morrow, and you'll see more yet. The children will be wild, the old folks will carry the purses in their hands, the cook will scold, and Jimmie will drive old Dobbin till he'll be glad to come back at night and tell me his trials;" and the patient cow turned her morsel of sweet hay over again and again, as the feathered inquirers walked musingly toward the kitchen door.

Inside, the children were scampering about in night-gowns, eager to be dressed to bother the cooks with questions over the Christmas pies and puddings. Later in the day, Maggie Williams stood with her twin-brother Charlie and sister Susie at her papa's knee. He was a great burly man, just home from a long sea-voyage, and was saying, —

"Well, shall it be a sleigh-ride, to-morrow, a full stocking apiece to-night, or a present of money?"

"A sleigh-ride," says Charlie, and clucked to the imaginary horses in great glee.

"A present of money, if you please," said timid little Maggie.

And Susie said, as she generally did, —

"I want just what Maggie does."

"Whew! we're getting avaricious, aren't we? Now, Maggie, you've a plan somewhere under that red hair, I know. Oh, but you needn't blush so! I like it. Such hair always takes a feeling heart with it, and Susie's golden locks tell of a good little heart, but a clinging hand. Dare not 'let go and run, breakers or no breakers,' eh,

Susie?" asked he, chucking her under the chin playfully.

"But this black-haired, small-eyed Charlie will have to keep an anchor out all the time, or he'll drift on the shoals of selfishness,—bad shoals those, Charlie. You're no sailor's boy if you run aground on those, boy," and the father rose and walked out slowly, turning to say,—

"Well, well, chickens, give me to-day to look over my bills, and come to me to-morrow, and tell me what some of the money is going for. You've made fast for a sleigh-ride, Charlie, never you fear," as he saw the lip begin to pout.

As soon as the door shut, Maggie said coaxingly,—

"O Charlie! please don't ask for a sleigh-ride. Susie and I have a plan, and we want you to help us."

"Yes, yes, I never did see a girl but what she had a plan somewhere. I've asked for the ride, and father says I'm to have it. I've no doubt but you've a plan to give away every thing you'll get to-morrow. I never did see such soft-hearted things as women and girls are," and he turned around on his heel as if he were a Socrates, instead of a boy of twelve.

"But this is a plan you can't help but like," urged Maggie. "We've thought it out ourselves, and want you to help us: will you?"

"According;" briefly spoke Charlie.

"Does 'According' mean *yes*?" asked shy little Sue.

"Well now I'll tell you, Charlie. You know papa has come home with a lot of money and wants to spare some. He always speaks kindly to the poor folks, and tells mamma to help them whenever she can. Now we're very happy, and are to have a nice dinner, because we want to 'press our happiness," and she placed extra emphasis

on the mispronounced word, intending to astonish him with her wisdom.

"Now we are to have a house full of good things, and are well and able to enjoy them, and it does seem to me sort of selfish to keep all the enjoyment inside our house. Now Susie and I want to take the money and give it to the poor old grandmas and grandpas who have no one to care for them, and we're going without our share of the dinner, and take Susie's to crippled Jamie who never tasted Christmas goodies, and I'm to take mine to old Miss Polly."

"Not 'old witch Polly!'" shouted Charlie in scorn.

"She isn't a witch: she's a poor lone woman with never a soul to comfort her, and I don't know where we've been that we haven't thought of her before."

"Haven't I seen you carrying whole baskets full to her?"

"Yes, but don't you see that was out of mamma's things, and now we think that isn't all that the Bible means. It isn't much work to give another's goodies; so we're going to take the Bible kind of giving, and first *take it away from ourselves*. Now, all we want you to take away from yourself is the time you would take in a sleigh-ride, and help us carry the baskets round."

But he wouldn't; and so the next morning he took a crisp bill from his father with a tempting V upon it, as did the little girls.

"Now what are you going to do, little Midgets?" said he, as the door banged noisily after Charlie, who had rushed out in quest of new skates and sled.

And the little girls confided the whole story to their loving papa, who slapped his hands upon his knees, and laughed right merrily.

"But I thought 'witch Polly' drowned your pretty little Tabby only last summer?"

"Yes I know," said Maggie, as the ready

tear stood in her eye; "but she thought she took her chickens and" —

"But she didn't, did she?" pleaded Susie.

"No, but if she thought so, it made it so," answered Maggie with a wise air.

"But I thought she always hoots the children off her premises, and throws sticks at the neighbors' cats," said her father humorously.

"But you know she hasn't any little girls to talk to, and to love her, and" —

"That's what makes the difference, my little minister, with the fire-lit head," shouted he, catching her up and kissing the light curls that were such a source of discomfort to her because of the color; but he never looked upon them without thinking of the little sister that had gone down below the green waters, while he stood a mere boy and looked over the rail just long enough to see her sunlit curls glint in the dying sunlight and go down for ever. He saw her again running about in childish glee, till in an unguarded moment she fell and was gone.

But he said merrily,

"Well now let me advise. Don't go to the bake-shop. Your money won't hold out so well. You just go down and buy of cook; she'll give you double rations for half the money. There's enough for us and the neighborhood; besides, you are not to have dinner or supper, no home Christmas-tree or sleigh-ride; so I can afford to have her sell cheaply." But his eyes twinkled merrily as he went to give the cook directions for trading, and ended by saying to her, —

"But mind you don't let them know. I'm in favor of this Bible kind of giving, if I am an old salt-savored sinner."

Before noon, out started the little girls on their errands of charity. The basket was heavy; but they tugged it along with a right

good will, while their father looked after them and said to his wife, —

"That's the kind. I want they should grow up so. I only wish Charlie would catch a little of the fever;" and then he set about helping mamma with something very mysterious in the parlor.

Older people might have been a little discouraged; for, as they neared the "old witch Polly's house," she shouted as usual, —

"Get out, you saucy little things! Get out of this yard. If you haven't left that gate open, it's because you forgot and shut it. What! peddling? well, if your father's got so grasping he sends you to peddle on Christmas, I've no more to say. Now you shan't come in, for I hate peddlers anyhow, and red-haired ones I abominate! They'll steal or do something worse," and she banged the door in their faces.

Now this was hitting Maggie in a very tender spot; but she had no idea of giving up so, and whispering to the frightened Susie, —

"They acted ever so much worse to Christ when he sought to do them good: don't you remember?" she opened the door and went fearlessly in, and said, —

"Miss Polly, here is some bread and some chicken, some pie and some jelly, and" —

"Your father isn't brazen enough to send me this as much as if to advertise his riches and proclaim my poverty, is he?" and she shrieked it so that Susie burst into tears and pulled Maggie's hand to go.

"Oh no, no!" said Maggie earnestly, "he isn't a bit like that, dear Miss Polly. This is our little Christmas gift. We're doing it with our own money," and then she told a little of their plans which so mollified Miss Polly that she fell to crying and hugging the little girls, and munching the bread she was very hungry for. For the first time for years she kissed them, — kissed little chil-

dren; she had long called them plagues and troubles. She gave them marigold and poppy seeds and begged them to come again; but, when Maggie tucked a nice warm hood into her hands, she fairly broke down, and they left her sobbing with happiness.

Then over the fields they went to Grandma Clare's, with whom they left more Christmas goodies and a nice pair of woollen slippers. It had been long, long years since her little girls had made her little presents, for they were far away from her now; and the children left her kneeling by the window with the tear-drops wetting her cap-strings and choking her voice, as she repeated, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Next came lame old Mike O'Flaherty. They felt a little afraid of him, for they seldom saw him; but they knew he rarely saw table dainties. He welcomed them warmly; and, when he found out their errand, they laughed, and cried too, at the way he expressed his joy.

"An shure it's enough to warm the very couldest of hearts to have the likes o' ye's remimber an ould Irish nobody like meeself. Why ye're thruly aingills coom down from Heaven and I'm a'most afraid to touch ye, lest ye vanish away from me. May the Holy Vargin protect ye, my wee ladies, and whin ye's want a favor, coom here for the love of Heaven, coom here, and I'll do it for ye, now I promise ye. But it's the wooden tay-sets I'll be a makin for ye wid my jack-knife, ef ye'll but coom for thim, my darlints. It's I that can do it that handy, my holyhocks."

Away ran the little "aingills" for a new supply, and this time it was their own dinners for Jamie the cripple, a warm comforter and generous pieces of cake and cheese for "Negro Tim," who lived alone in a far-off

field. It took them a long time, and it was dark ere they returned from emptying their basket the fourth time; but they walked on blessings, and were clothed with the blessings that had been showered upon them all day.

They had eaten nothing but apples since morning, but they were full of the joy they had created in the humble homes they had carried light into.

They, in their simple childish way, had done more to bring happiness into that little town that day, than every one else in it; for they had filled some hungry mouths and overflowed many hungrier hearts with joy to know that they were remembered.

Ah! there are many old hearts that would rejoice on these festival days, if they could feel sure that even a child remembers them.

They sat down to their suppers tired, but happier than they had ever been in all their short lives before. The father and mother looked upon the little Sisters of Charity with a bit of pardonable pride; for they knew it must be good little hearts that thought out such a nice day's work. Charlie munched his supper in silence; for he had had his ride, fallen on the ice because of his new skates, and Bill Morgan had broken his new sled; and he secretly wished he had listened to Maggie's invitation: but it did not prevent him or the girls from having a nice time, when the parlor was opened, and the mysterious something was found to be a well-filled Christmas-tree with presents for each. The girls liked their illuminated texts the best; for Maggie's said in great gilt letters, —

"INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

And Susie's said, —

"AS YE WOULD THAT OTHERS SHOULD DO UNTO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO UNTO THEM."

SING IN THE LIGHT.

A LITTLE boy lived far down in a mine. He had been born there, and never had seen the sun, or gathered flowers and berries in the fields. He was determined to make himself as happy as he could. He would watch the miners picking away at the ores, and gaze on the big baskets as they moved up slowly to the top of the long shafts. When the miners would throw down the little bits of candles, which had burned too low for their use, he would gather them all up and put them in his play-house. A visitor once asked him what he did with them. "Oh," said he, "when I get a great many, then I light them all at once, and sit down in the light and sing."

That is the way. Every one can get light enough to sing in if he only improves his opportunities for finding it.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

NOT many of our young readers will hear the glad chimes of bells, ushering in the joyous Christmas season; but they can listen to sweeter chimes if they will.

To chime is to make music, to be in harmony. We trust that our readers will be in such agreement with the perfect law of God, in such love with everybody, that the joy-bells will chime in their hearts, and make rich music for themselves and others.

In their homes will no doubt be heard the "Christmas Chimes." But let them remember that there are homes in which such music will not be heard unless they do something to set the bells a-ringing.

"A word once let fall," says a Chinese proverb, "cannot be brought back by a chariot and six horses."

BOOK NOTICES.

RHODA THORNTON'S GIRLHOOD. By Mary E. Pratt. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is the last volume of "The Girlhood Series." In the preface is a commendatory note from John G. Whittier. The book is a very pleasant one to read, the story being charmingly told.

THE TEMPERANCE DRAMA. By George M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A neat volume, containing eight plays, all relating to the subject of temperance. These are happily constructed, and will render good service in the cause of morals, as well as that of amusement.

[From Rückert's "Wisdom of the Brahmin."]

THE LAMB AND THE ROSE;

OR, NATURE'S MUTUAL LOAN SYSTEM.

A LAMBKIN on the heath a sweet-brier rose-twigg
gnaws,
Only to please himself, — for no malicious cause.

For that the rose-thorn tore out of the lambkin's
hair
Just one small lock of wool; *that* did not leave him
bare.

The rose-thorn held the lock in its sharp fingers
caught;
Then came the nightingale, — to build her nest she
sought.

"Open thy hand," she said, "and give the lock to
me;
And when my nest is built, I'll sing my thanks to
thee."

He gave: she took and built; and, at her song's
last tone,
From the sweet-brier bush the rose for joy has
flown.

C. T. B.



THE MOUNTAIN GOATS.

WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS.

WILLIE was just four years old. Very early Christmas morning his little voice was heard, "I wish you merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" Then it was, "Light the gas, papa! Oh, light the gas!"

The gas was lighted. The first thing Willie saw was a big toy steamboat hanging from the chair near his bed. "Hi-yah!" he shouted. He was shown how to wind it up, and set it going round and round upon the floor.

Then he must look into his stocking. He did not hang up one of his own stockings the night before, because it was not big enough to hold what Santa Claus was going to bring. But he hung up a large stocking.

Santa had not disappointed him. The great stocking was full. He unrolled one paper after another and found little toys; a sugar potato, a sugar peach with its red cheek, nuts, figs, and grapes; and at every new thing came the merry shout, "Hi-yah!"

"Now, papa and mamma, you must look in your stockings," said Willie.

"Our stockings! Santa Claus does not fill up the stockings of great folks like us!"

"Yes, he does, papa, you must look in your stocking."

So father and mother looked into their stockings, and sure enough Santa Claus had been putting things in them. They knew who the little Santa Claus was, and liked his little presents so much that they too cried, "Hi-yah!"

Willie had a happy Christmas morning, and a happy day, too; but he kept thinking of the evening. His Sunday school was going to have a Christmas Tree; and the little boys and girls, and the great boys and girls, were looking for a good time.

The evening came, and he went to the church with the rest. Soon the word came that all was ready. The doors were opened, and the young folks and the old marched into the chapel, and there was the great tree all ablaze with light! And such fruit as it did bear! There were all the colors of the rainbow, and good things enough to make hundreds of children happy!

Willie gazed in silent wonder, at first; but soon he caught the merry spirit of the boys, and shouted out his joy with the gayest of them.

As all stood round the tree, admiring it, there was heard a noise against the side of the chapel, as if some one had put up a ladder in great haste. Then, in a second or two, up went a window, and in came — who? Why, Santa Claus him-

self! There he was, and no mistake! He had on his fur coat and fur cap; and his white locks and beard came down on his shoulders and breast. He was so loaded with toys that he could hardly get through the open window. It is no wonder he did not try to get down the chimney, and creep through the funnel-hole!

What a shout as Santa jumped down upon the floor! The children rushed up to him, and he told them how glad he was to see such good boys and girls, and handed out to them his toys. What big pockets he did have! It seemed as if they would never be emptied. Every child had something from Old Santa.

He took up little Willie in his arms, and asked for a kiss. Willie looked a little timid, but he gave Santa a good kiss. One of the boys said, "Do you know who that is, Willie?"

"Yes, it is Santa Claus."

"No, Willie, that is your father."

"No, it isn't my father. My father doesn't look like that. It is Santa Claus."

Santa bade the boys and girls "good-by," after telling them that they must be the best boys and girls of his big family; and then went out of the window.

The presents on the tree were

given to the children; and after that there was playing games till ten o'clock. Willie enjoyed himself very much. It was the first time he had seen Santa Claus, or a Christmas Tree, or been out in an evening to a great party.

He went home full of the thought that he had seen Santa Claus, and had a grand time.

Many told him that his father was Santa Claus; but he could not be convinced. Not till his father, at home, had put on the great wig and the fur coat and showed him how he had turned himself into a Santa Claus, could Willie see how it was.

But Willie didn't care; and the young readers of the "Dayspring" will not care, though they find out that Santa Claus is a good old fellow that never was and never will be seen, except in the person of father or mother, or some loving friend.

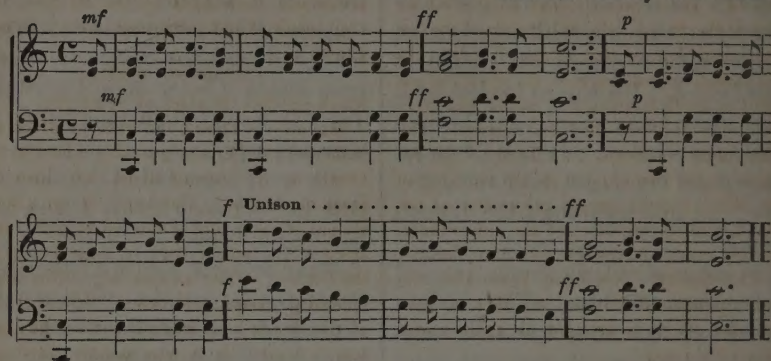
THE MOUNTAIN GOATS.

How would you like to live on the Swiss mountains, and help take care of the flocks of goats? Don't you think you would love the little kids as well as you do little lambs?

"THE wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly
Shiver and sink at sights of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear."

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Music and Words by W. N. EVANS



CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." — LUKE ii. 14.

The morning breaks, and angel choirs are singing

"Glory to God!"

From earth and ocean, hear the anthems ringing

"Glory to God!"

And infant voices in the chorus blending

Join in the chorus to high heaven ascending,

"Glory to God!"

Back from heaven's portals comes the benediction

Of "peace on earth!"

And through all hearts is spread the glad conviction

Of "peace on earth!"

When he shall reign, to-day in manger lying;

And round the world the blessed hope is flying,

Of "peace on earth!"

And now a voice above the throne pronounces

"Good-will to men!"

The heavenly host with rapturous joy announces

"Good-will to men!"

And all earth's sons shall hail the promised blessing

And hate shall cease, and all shall stand confessing

"Good-will to men."

And children still may shout with gladsome voices

"Glory to God!"

In childhood's years the happy heart rejoices

In "peace on earth!"

And, following Christ's example, we would never

His law of love forsake, but practise ever

"Good-will to men!"

For The Dayspring.

OLD ENGLISH CASTLES.

I.



THE Isle of Wight, twenty-three miles in length, and thirteen in breadth, is in the English Channel, about twelve miles southwest from Portsmouth, and is included in the county of Hampshire, England.

In beautiful and sublime scenery, much of it peculiar to itself, this "gem of the ocean" is surpassed by few spots on the globe. There is a range of high hills through the centre, and the coast land is very high in some parts. It was an Isle of great importance to the various conquerors of Britain, as its high cliffs commanded a view of enemies approaching the coast.

The Romans took possession of it about

the year 45, and retained it four hundred and fifty years, when it was conquered by Cedric the Saxon, who exterminated the few aboriginal Britons that remained there. In the varied contests between the West Saxons and the South Saxons, this island was often the scene of blood-shed and battles. The inhabitants continued to adhere to the religion of the Druids; but in 678 the King of the West Saxons gained possession of the island, and slaying most of the inhabitants, forcibly converted the few remaining families to Christianity. Not many years after the Danes plundered the Isle, and then the lawless Earl Godwin brought it again under Saxon dominion.

William the Conqueror in 1066 subdued England. William Fitz-Osborne took this Isle, and became the first Lord of Wight. Here he founded a church and a priory, and a few ruins of the latter may still be seen.

For more than two hundred years the Isle was governed by independent lords, being in reality petty kings; then Edward I. purchased the title of Lord of the Isle, and governed it by warders.

During the reign of Edward III. twenty-nine beacons and watch-towers were erected on the Island, in order to give the alarm on the approach of an enemy. Two men by day and four by night kept "watch and ward" at each of the towers.

On St. Catherine's Hill, the most elevated point of the Isle, there is now standing a round tower, built about five hundred and fifty years ago by Walter, Lord of Godington, who designed it for a hermitage, a chapel, and a lighthouse; assigning money to provide for a priest to sing daily mass in it, and to keep the light burning. At the Reformation, the priest was removed; and the light then ceased to burn, there being no person to tend it.

When the Romans conquered the Isle, in

A.D. 45, they found a fortress which had previously been built by the Britons; this they repaired and garrisoned, and it is now known as

CARISBROOK CASTLE,

which signifies the place of yew-trees.

Mountjoy's Tower, the walls of which are immensely thick, was probably added to the Castle by the Saxons about 530; also the keep or donjon. The latter is on a lofty mound of earth, and is entered by eighty-one steep steps, seventy-two of these being on the outside, so that an assailing enemy could be easily precipitated thence. In the centre of this Saxon keep was a well three hundred feet in depth. It is now partially filled up. In the Castle-yard is another well two hundred feet in depth, famed for echoing the fall of a pin. The Saxon King gave this fortress in 530 to his nephew Whitgar, and from Whitgara-burgh may be derived the present name of the Isle.

When Fitz-Osborne subdued the Isle, he enlarged this Castle of Briton, Roman, and Saxon build, so that it covered the space of an acre and a half, surrounded by a fosse or ditch. Here resided the Lord of the Isle. The Castle was again enlarged during the reign of Richard II. and of Edward IV. When the Spanish Armada was expected, Queen Elizabeth had other fortifications added to it. The Castle is now in ruins, — towers, ramparts, and battlements being ivy-clad.

Carisbrook Castle was used as a state-prison during the time of Cromwell. Here Charles I. was confined a prisoner; and after his execution, his two youngest children, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, were here retained prisoners. About eighteen months after the death of her father, the Princess took a violent cold, and a fever ensued. One day her attendants left her apartment for a short time, and,

returning, found her asleep as they thought; but it was the sleep of death. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, and rested on an open Bible, — her father's last and cherished gift. Her remains were laid in the church at Newport on the Isle, the letters E. S. on an adjacent wall alone pointing out the resting-place of the Princess, which was soon forgotten. But in 1793 a leaden coffin was discovered with the inscription, "Elizabeth, 2nd daughter of the late King Charles, died Sept. 8th, MDCL;" a small brass plate was then inlaid in the floor of the church, over the spot where the coffin was placed.

In 1856 the church was so in ruins that it had to be rebuilt, and Queen Victoria erected there a monument to the sad Princess. It represents the Princess lying on a mattress, her cheek on an open Bible, bearing the words, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This figure reposes beneath a Gothic arch, from which hangs an iron grating with its bars broken asunder, emblematic of the prisoner's release by death.

COWES

is a seaport on the north coast of the Isle of Wight, and is situated on the river Meden, which divides it into East and West Cowes. At East Cowes is Morris Castle, a modern edifice, where the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, the Princess Victoria, resided in 1831.

OSBORNE HOUSE,

probably so called from Fitz-Osborne, one of the conquerors of the Isle, was a private residence, and was built before the time of Charles I. It was purchased in 1844 by Queen Victoria, and enlarged into an elegant marine villa, planned in part by the late Prince Albert. Here the Queen usually has her royal residence during some weeks in the summer. MAUD RIBBERFORD.

BOUND VOLUMES.

THE bound volume of the "Dayspring" for 1873 will be ready by the 15th. Price *seventy-five cents*, or *fifty* in exchange for the year's numbers. We have a few copies of the volume for 1872 still on hand. Will it not be well to supply the Sunday-school libraries with these yearly volumes?

Puzzles.

28.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

An English poetess and an American poet.

I, a good servant, but bad master, am;
A precious stone am I, when not a sham;
A German critic, bard, and dramatist;
A classic hill by Grecian sunrise kissed:
The light and easy movement of a steed;
A plant of which we seldom taste than read;
The commonest living creature known on earth;
A prince whose friend oft shakes our sides with mirth;
A famous cavern in an Orient land;
A well-known island by the Irish strand;
A snowy mountain towering to the skies;
Shame on his memory! all nature cries;
A wild and bitter plum of no great size.

C. T. B.

25.

[CORRECTION. — Instead of the first line in No. 25, read

"A famed musician of the olden times."]

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

25. — O rpheu S
R ussi A
V i M
I O U
L i E
L ol L
E rg O
D ollar S
E g G
W aterlo O
E br O
Y ar D

Orville Dewey, Samuel Osgood.

26. — A P E
P I E
E E L

27. — 1. Shark — hark. 2. Grain — rain.